

# The Radical.

"OUR COUNTRY AND OUR COUNTRY'S WEAL."

BY I. ADAMS.

BOWLING-GREEN, PIKE COUNTY, MISSOURI, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1843.

Vol. II.—No. 16.

## TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

The *Radical* is issued every Saturday morning, at \$2.50, if paid within six months, and if payment be longer delayed, Three Dollars will be exacted.  
To a club of Three or more subscribers, (if paid in advance,) Two Dollars.  
No paper discontinued until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the Editors.  
Postmasters are authorized by law to forward money to newspaper publishers, free of charge. All letters to the Editors, by mail, must be post paid.

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One square, of 15 lines or less, for the first insertion \$1; for each subsequent insertion 50 cents. A reasonable deduction made to those who advertise by the year.  
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## THE WIFE.

She clung to him with woman's love,  
Like ivy to the oak,  
Whistled o'er his head, with crushing force,  
Earth's chilling tempest broke.  
And when the world looked cold on him,  
And blight hung o'er his name,  
She soothed his cares with woman's love  
And bade him rise again.  
When care had furrowed o'er his brow,  
And clouded his young hours,  
She wept, amidst his crown of thorns,  
A wreath of love's own flowers.  
And never did that wretch decay,  
Or one bright flower wither.  
For woman's tears o'er-nourished them,  
That they might bloom forever.  
'Tis ever thus with woman's love,  
True till life's storm has passed,  
And like the vine around the tree,  
It braves them to the last.

## FIFTY YEARS PAST,

## OR

## THE SIOUX CHIEF.

\*These people still retain their primitive Theology, a belief in one, great overruling Being, who is, in some of the languages, styled Universal Father, and in others, Great Spirit, Master of Life, Creator or Maker, North American Review, No. 75, page 356.

Age has stiffened my limbs and time has dropped snow upon my head, but still the tide of life flows free and warm in my bosom, and I seem to live over again when I recount the events poured into my ear in childhood. But of all those scenes which memory restores, there is none other at once so melancholy, and yet so heart warming, as the one I am now to relate.

It was in the year 1780 that Simon Burney and Thomas McKim, shouldered their rifles, and with tearful eyes took an everlasting leave of their relatives in North Carolina, and bent their steps towards the setting sun. Early in March the trees had not yet assumed the pale green of spring; and their day of outset was heavy, dark, and gloomy. These young men had been from their youth trained as warrior hunters. Simon Burney had, for a young man of Central North Carolina, and a farmer's son, received a decent, though not finished education; his friend, McKim, he knew to be kind, honest, and brave, and to discharge his inseparable weapon was nearly all he knew. Friends in the fulness of their hearts, these two young adventurers differed in temper materially; McKim was in an extraordinary degree patient of insult and injury; but when once roused, he was terrible as a lion, and though he might spare a fallen foe, he never could again speak kindly to any person who did him deliberate wrong. Burney was impetuous, but placable; but in the entire force of character which marked the heroes of King's Mountain, McKim and Burney were alike. Their best friend was their rifle, and best couch the forest. They were considered the two best

shots in western North Carolina; no little honour in those days of war and hunting. The primary object which drew them into the recesses of Kentucky was to seek an elder brother of McKim, who had, for many years, been lost to his country and family.

Our two adventurers arrived in Kentucky, when a man who possessed, and could use a rifle, was a most welcome addition to the struggling settlers. As they were slow and silently tracing their path, near where Lexington now stands, they were at the rising of a hill very unexpectedly encountered by a large party of men in full Indian dress. "Hollo, my lads," roared a loud & hoarse voice, "where bound?" "To meet Colonel Rogers Clark," replied Burney. "I am Geo. Rogers Clark," rejoined the stranger. "Are you able to cut the head of a wild turkey, nineteen times in twenty shots?" "Do you see yon squirrel?" demanded McKim, as he placed his rifle to his face, and before Clark could reply, the animal was writhing on the ground, with its ears and the crown of the head blown away. "You are just the fellows for us," said Clark, "and if you want to try your mettle, make two of a party to march this day to the assistance of Colonel Ruddle. I have received information that that murdering villain, General Hamilton, has sent one of his cut-throats, Colonel Byrd, over the Ohio, with a band of English savages to join the Indians."

In a few hours a determinate, but small party were on their march, and reached Ruddle's station before the army of Byrd. But Ruddle was so badly advised as to surrender on terms which were utterly disregarded. When it became known in the fort that a capitulation was accepted, McKim observed to his friend Simon, "no terms will be respected by these red or white savages; we must take care of ourselves." Burney answered, not except by action? they carefully examined their arms, and by a desperate exertion cut their way through the rushing throng of Indians and their savage allies. They were both slightly wounded, but it was blood dearly paid for. A young British officer had the bad fortune to meet McKim. "You white savages," exclaimed the enraged Carolinian, "your lips shall never tell this tale," and the scattered brains of the Briton were trampled under the feet of the American warrior, who, with his companion, rushed into the woods, which echoed the screams and cries of women and children.

"General Hamilton shall pay for this with his blood," most solemnly exclaimed Clark, when the broken voice of Burney related the catastrophe at Ruddle's. "Our particular business to Kentucky," rejoined McKim, "was to seek my elder brother, who, I am afraid, is not in Kentucky; but we are willing to share your dangers."

"Our dangers," indignantly replied Clark, "our worst dangers are our own folly. The men here have courage enough to fight the D—, but they want sense to meet him with his own arms."

"I have heard," continued McKim, "that my brother was a few years ago, at St. Louis." "Then seek him for God's sake, at St. Louis," replied Clark, with great vehemence; "I wish I could find two determinate men who would undertake to reach St. Louis, and inform the commandant that he will soon be attacked by the Sioux." "We will try," was the short and rapid reply of the two young soldiers; "and more," said Burney, "I speak French."

"Go then," said Clark, with great satisfaction, "and if you reach the fort, tell the commandant that I shall use every exertion to save him and his people—go, my noble, gallant boys, and God be with you."

After receiving the energetic pressure of the right hand of Clark, the two devoted riflemen turned their steps into the trackless waste, and by exertions, perhaps superhuman, actually reached and entered the fort, where the beautiful city of St. Louis now stands.

Burney delivered his message to the French commandant, who received it with a contemptuous laugh; "who

are to attack us?" demanded the Frenchman. "The Sioux," replied Burney. "The Sioux dare not," rejoined the officer. Burney turning round to McKim, interpreted the reply. "I find Colonel Clark has not all the fools in the world under his command," coolly observed McKim. The colloquy was, however, soon cut short by a man in the dress of a hunter, riding up full speed to the fort, who called out in a loud and anxious voice, "Pied de Renard—the Sioux Chief has crossed the Missouri with at least fifteen hundred men. I have to a miracle been able to escape, having been surrounded before I knew the enemy were over the river, or in this part of the country; they will be on the plain of St. Louis before sunset."

It is but justice to the commander to state, that advised of his real danger, he acted with coolness, courage, and intelligence. Every exertion was made to bring in the inhabitants with as much expedition as possible; but, alas! all could not be saved. Between seventy and eighty fell a sacrifice to their fatal security. The fort was small, but well constructed, and those who occupied under its protection, confiding in their commander, hoped to make a successful defence against the Indians.

In this state of anxious apprehension for the fate of the poor inhabitants who were without, and were separately arriving breathless with fear, the sun was nearly lost under the horizon, when a distant and distressful yell was heard, and before dark the terrific host was in sight. By next morning's early dawn a summons of surrender was received and rejected. The two young Carolinians were, by their own request, placed as sharpshooters; but the motions of the enemy soon excited much dread. It was evident that they were directed by a military skill, far above that of Indians.

Covered by a ravine, about mid-day, some individuals advanced near the stockades, and a white handkerchief was seen to rise, and holding a gigantic figure. At first several guns were levelled, but lowered, as a voice came in thunder. "I am Pied de Renard; surrender, or you are dead men before to-morrow night." This was given in excellent French, and repeated in as good English. A death-like silence of a few moments followed this menacing summons—a silence which, to the astonishment of all who understood him, was broken by McKim, who exclaimed in a voice still louder than that of Renard himself.

"Pied de Renard, I have been told by a trader who has been in your country, that you have murdered my brother on the Missouri, and that his blood was shed after he had been received into your lodge; had eaten with yourself and family, and had received from your own hand the pipe of peace. I have been told more; that you were educated in Europe, and that your head has been bathed in the water of Baptism."

"I was educated in Europe," replied de Renard, "and I must now be speaking to a McKim. You are speaking to a McKim; and you base and cowardly scoundrel, you have murdered my brother. That God who created us both has brought us together that I may revenge my brother's blood."

"Base and cowardly scoundrel," very slowly repeated the chief, "Revenge! Revenge! McKim, we shall see to that," and the lofty Indian retired, striking his breast.

That man must have been in the strife of battle; who ever did behold a sight so appalling as the countenances of the two champions? There was an expression of hostility in both which no language can teach. They stood not above twenty yards apart. Every eye was alternately turned from the calm but stern dignity of Renard, to the athletic frame and working features of McKim. This young man, all sweetness in the walks of private life—there he was the kind companion, the mild and steady worshipper in the temple of peace; there he was the brother in all that the endearing term can impart but in Fort St. Louis he was the Achilles of the garrison.

"The sun of Heaven shall never rise twice more on the head of Renard and myself," after his eye had for a moment followed the chief, exclaiming McKim, as he examined his rifle-lock and dashed his tomahawk with

1A feet.

gigantic force into one of the stockades of the Fort. From a better education, and from a more yielding disposition, Burney generally exercised a superiority over McKim. But now all was changed. Even the French commander, brave as he was, was awed before the hunter, warrior. "Tell him, Simon," said McKim to Burney, "that I mistake de Renard, if this Fort is not stormed before to-morrow morning. Leave me to myself, I do not expect to survive this night! If you ever again see my poor sisters tell them!" Here his voice failed; his heart burst, and the memory of North Carolina came upon him. Recovering himself in a moment, he rung, or rather wrenched the hand of Burney—"Adieu! my brother, my friend!" was exchanged, and they met no more until in the storm of battle.

What an eventful evening! as the sun set the clouds lowered; it was calm, but the indescribable yell of the Indian was heard incessantly. No eye in or near St. Louis slept; and about eleven at night a violent thunder shower burst. The French commandant, armed and watchful, was waking back wards and forwards in the area of the Fort, and coming near Burney, observed, "Pied de Renard has determined to give us another day!" But the words had scarce escaped his lips, when a peal, immeasurably more dreadful than the thunder of heaven, rent the heart & ear.

"I am Pied de Renard!" rose above the troubled elements. "I am Thomas McKim!" rose again above the shrieks of women and children. "I am Pied de Renard! why did you suffer the hour of Mercy to pass?" was followed by a crash—the gate was forced. The brave commander perceived all the order in his power, but the odds was too great, and the assault rushed on. Burney and the commandant were near together, when the latter fell, desperately wounded; and a flash of lightning discovered to Burney his friend and Pied de Renard, approaching each other with the utmost rage, and a man rushing between them with outstretched arms, as if in the act of mediation. A succeeding gleam discovered the latter mortally wounded. The man of peace was with one hand clasping the chief, and with the other, wounded and bleeding, was supplicating the terrific Carolinian. "My brother, my brother!" in tones which, amid the dread uproar, reached and stayed the uplifted arm of McKim; reached also with undecipherable force the heart of Burney; and reached, we may say, the eternal throne.

At this moment of despair, when all appeared lost; when the maddening shouts of the savages, the peals of thunder, and the piercing shrieks of the mother, commingled in one chilling tempest. "I shall not die alone!" came from the mouth of McKim. "Nor unrevenged!" came from without—it was the voice of the terrible Clark. In an instant the contest was changed; Clark had crossed the Mississippi below St. Louis, with five hundred men, and pushed on to the invested Fort. The Indians were now between two fires; were surprised and broken, and fled in all directions. Clark, in the night march, had directed his men to act each man for himself, and each man did act with effect. Confounded as they were, the Indians made an attempt to carry off Pied de Renard, but McKim struck down all who approached the fallen chief.

"He is my prisoner, you cowardly villain!" said McKim to the man who had informed him that de Renard had destroyed his brother, and who now advanced to deal the last blow to the dying hero; and the action was suited to the words; the trader was hurled with inconceivable force against the stockholders, and sunk apparently lifeless.

"James Bolton, thou hast thy reward!" said de Renard, as the contest closed. The enemy had fled, and next day retreated over the Missouri. The strife over, the wounded French commander, with the careless bravery, and urbanity of his nation, thanked his deliverers; and in the arms of McKim, Burney, and Clark, Pied de Renard was placed on the couch of christian charity. The tide of life was ebbing rapidly, but not a fibre betrayed the fear of death. Several more prisoners had been made; each, as permitted, took leave of their departing General.

With the utmost indifference de Renard demanded of General Clark,

how many hours he had to live. "I am no surgeon," replied Clark, "but suppose you cannot survive more than one to two hours?" "That time is enough," firmly observed de Renard, "come and sit by me, I hope you are all now my friends. Come here, Thomas McKim, you will now learn in what manner I have treated your brother!"

While de Renard made this pathetic invitation, the same man who had stood by him in the night battle, sat by him, pale, but placid as the chief himself. Of the group who surrounded the death-bed of the Sioux, though forty-nine years have passed away, I feel as if I saw their faces now in life. Clark was then in the full vigor of his strength. Hardy and daring, yet cool and collected, the inmost emotions of his soul beaming from his eye of fire. But even the dignity of Clark could not sustain a favourable comparison with the elevated physiognomy of Pied de Renard.

"Step forth, Leonard McKim," said the Indian, and in a moment the brothers were interlocked in each other's arms. The joy and surprise having a little subsided, Pied de Renard reached his one hand to Thomas, and the other to Leonard McKim, and in a voice and manner which would have done honor to a Grecian hero, or christian martyr, breathed his last few words.

"Thank the Great and Universal Spirit, in a few minutes I shall be beyond all malice or evil. I have restored, and not murdered a brother; and he can tell how a christian Indian can treat even an enemy. He can!"—Here the curtain of life dropped, and the liberated soul of Pied de Renard was at the footstool of eternal Mercy.

(Conclusion next week.)

SOCIAL INTERCOURSE.—We would make it a principle to extend the hand of fellowship to every man who discharges faithfully his duties—maintaining good order—who manifests a deep interest in the welfare of general society—whose deportment is upright, and whose mind is intelligent, without stopping to ascertain whether he swings a hammer or draws a thread. There is nothing so distant from all natural rule and natural claim as the reluctant—the backward sympathy—the forced smile—the checked conversation—the hesitating compliance—the well-off are too apt to manifest to those a little lower down, with whom, in comparison of intellect and principles of virtue, they sink into insignificance.

DEAR VS. DEER.—The Illinois Free Trader tells this story of a fight on the prairie:—"A large deer was discovered from the window of a neat little cottage on the prairie, a few days since, by two young ladies, as it was passing from Bureau Timber to Lost Grove. They immediately pursued the noble animal with two small dogs, and soon caught it. The compassion of the ladies, however, was so much awakened on seeing the blood trickling from its ears, from wounds inflicted by the dogs, that they drove them off. But the animal, being crazed with pain and fear, very ungallantly reciprocated this act of kindness by pitching at the ladies with all the fury of a hunted tiger. The crust on the snow, however, being strong enough to bear the ladies but not strong enough to bear the deer, they succeeded in safely reaching the fence, from which they threw a rope over his horns, and, with not a little difficulty, tied it in the form in which ladies usually tie their head bands. One of them went ahead and led the deer, while the other followed, and whipt it along, until they got to the house, where they fastened it to the fence, and were in the act of "knocking it on the head" with an axe, when, fortunately, their brother came to their assistance, and saved them from a task, which to them could not have been anything but painful."

A Washerwoman's Soliloquy.

In vain I strive to wash away my grief,  
First wring my hands and then my handkerchief;

The world, the pitying world, may know by thee,  
My woes have driven me to extremities;

A melancholy tale of such a tub?  
To wash! perchance the floor—aye there's the rub,

How am I turned by fear and then by hope,  
Soft sensibility and softer soap.

Refined female society is the best  
corrector of manners.

## A BILL TO FIX THE TIME OF HOLDING CIRCUIT COURTS.

Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Missouri, as follows:

Sec. 3. In the third judicial circuit, the courts shall be held at the following times, to wit: In the year eighteen hundred and forty-three, in the county of Ralls, on the second Mondays of June and October; in the county of Montgomery, on the fourth Mondays in June and October; in the county of Warren, on the first Monday after the fourth Mondays of June and October; in the county of Lincoln, on the second Mondays after the fourth Mondays of June and October; in the county of St. Charles, on the third Mondays after the fourth Mondays in June and October. For the year 1844, the Circuit Courts in said Circuit shall be held as follows, to wit: In the county of Ralls, on the first Monday in April and second Monday in September; in the county of Pike, on the second Monday in April and third Monday in September; in the county of Montgomery, on the third Monday in April and the fourth Monday in September; in the county of Warren, on the fourth Monday of April and the first Monday after the fourth Monday in September; in the County of Lincoln, on the first Monday after the fourth Monday in September; in the county of St. Charles, on the second Monday after the fourth Monday in April and the third Monday after the fourth Monday in September.

Sec. 4. In the Fourth Judicial Circuit, the Courts shall be held at the following times: In the year 1843, in Marion, on the third Monday in January and fourth Monday in July; in Lewis, on the 4th Monday in January and the fourth Monday in August; in Clark, on the first Monday after the fourth Monday in January and the third Monday in August; in Scotland, on the second Monday after the fourth Monday in January and second Monday in September; in Shelby, on the third Monday after the fourth Monday in January and the third Monday in September; in Monroe, on the third Mondays in May and November; and in the year 1844, and thereafter, the Courts in said Circuit shall be held at the following times, to wit: In Marion on the fourth Mondays in January and July; in Lewis, on the third Mondays in February and fourth Mondays of August; in Clark, on the second Mondays after the third Mondays in February and August; in Scotland, on the third Mondays in March and second Mondays in September; in Shelby, on the fourth Monday in March and third Monday in September; in the county of Monroe, on the third Monday in April and October.

Sec. 5. All writs, process, orders, and other proceedings made or to be made returnable to the next term of the said several Circuit Courts, as heretofore established, shall be returnable to the first term to be held under this act; and all recognizances heretofore taken or which may hereafter be taken, and all writs or any other matter now depending, or which may hereafter be depending before said courts, as heretofore established, which are undetermined and not disposed of at the time this act takes effect, shall have day, and be disposed of and determined in the said courts, as hereby established; and no recognizance, suit, or other matter shall be dismissed, discontinued, or fail, by reason of the alteration of the times of holding said courts; and sales of property which would have been made at the first term, as heretofore established, shall be made at the first term to be held under this act; and in cases where sales of property may have been advertised to have been made on any terms of said courts, as heretofore established, to satisfy any execution, returnable to such term of said courts, as heretofore established, to satisfy any execution returnable to such term, the same shall be made on the same day of the term to be held under this act.

The fourth section of this act shall take effect on the first day of March next, and all the rest of this act shall take effect from its passage.

A beautiful anecdote is told of a lady, who, observing a horse run away with a boy, started to go after him. Seeing her agitation, a general sympathy pervaded the breast of another lady, who happened to be passing at the time, and inquired: "Is he your son?" "Oh, no," replied the old matron, "but he is some body's son!"

\*A real character. I saw him in the latter part of life, but with his natural temper of mind and power of body very little impaired.